Aet.

"Look not long on the face of the dead;
Leave the Past in the Past," they said.
"Dig some grave for the old despair;
Bury it far out of sight and sound:
The years bring nothing but sorrow and care—
Bury the last ere the next comes round,
Or the burden will grow too great to bear."

I said not yea, and I said not nay.
But I wept when they carried the corpse away.
I flung to the wind the flowers that were dead;
I covered their places with new-turned mold;
I watched and watered the empty bed
Through the dark, and the dearth, and the biting cold,
But, lo! no others came up instead.

I locked the door on the unused stair;
I broke in pieces the vacant chair;
I looked not back as the days went by;
I let the grass grow over the Past.
I could not smile, and I would not sigh—
I thought that I should forget at last;
I would not believe that I wished to die.

Till, behold! one day I awoke to find
That the whole of my life was left behind,
That I walked alone in a world of air,
A world of all sound and speech bereft.
The Past may hold but a song of despair,
But take it away, and there's nothing left,
Only the silence everywhere.

I wandered back to the desolate place;
I looked again on the dear dead face.
I counted the sorrows the years had sown;
I kissed them, and gathered them into my heart;
And I felt they were mine, my all, my own,
That I and my Past could never part,
Flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone.

—May Probyn.

THE WARRENTONS.

From The Country Gentleman

BY MRS. S. H. ROWELL, AUTHOR OF "THE YANKEE SCHOOLMISTRESS."

CHAPTER III.

Two years quickly glided by without any change in the Warrenton family, except that in William's home a little human flower had been made welcome. Everything prospered with them all, just in proportion as everything went the other way with the Shaws. Thomas Warrenton, the second son, arrived at the estate of manhood, and often rode to Hartland to call on the Rayburne's. One fine spring day he married Hannah Rayburne, and moved into the Burnap house, which had been comfortably remodeled for the reception of the bride.

"I declare, wife, I shall have to buy more farms, these boys come on so fast," said Mr. Warrenton one morning.

"I think, Azariah," his wife answered, "that John at least had rather you would give him an education than a farm."

"Is that so? I knew he was a perfect bookworm, but I never thought much about it. We will see what he says about it. What does he want to be?

"I believe he has his heart set on being a minister."

"I never thought of such a thing," said the father, thoughtfully; "Harry says he is going to be a doctor; he has a natural gift for nursing."

"Do you remember his setting Ponto's leg, and how he took care of it till it was strong and well?" said the fond mother, laughing. "And when I am sick he is handy as a girl. Yes, Harry must be a doctor; I think he was made for one."

"Two thousand dollars for the professional boys! I think a thousand apiece, with what they can help themselves, will carry them through college. They can teach winters and work in vacations. Joe and Dick will stick to the home nest a while, I reckon; I wonder what they will make when they are grown up?"

"Good, honorable men, I hope," said the mother. "But, Azariah, you must save a little cash for Hannah. She is thinking of flying out of the home nest."

"I expected she would. That young partner of Dr. Hardman rides over from Woodstock quite regularly. He will get a good wife, if Hannah makes half as good a woman as her mother is," said the father. "But what a scattering from the old hive! There will be only five left! By the way, did I tell you I had contracted my wool? I am going to send it off next Saturday. The money will come just right for Hannah."

He took up a paper to read, and his wife snuffed the candle and resumed her sewing. But a footstep was heard on the porch, and Mr. Shaw and his son came into the kitchen without ceremony. Mrs. Warrenton handed them chairs and made the customary inquiries.

"Mother is kind of miserable," said Shaw. "She has been ever since—you know. She is naturally downhearted, and I guess she is kind of billious, too. She can't stand anything. Just doing her washing tires her all out! I tell her the girls ought to work more; but she says they will come to it soon enough, when they get married."

"Is Laura to be married soon?" Mrs. Warrenton asked.

"I don't know anything about it. I know Cleverly is there almost every day, and that is all I do know. They want money; that is all they say to me," he answered, rather crossly.

"Yes, it takes a good deal for a setting out."

"They needn't think they will have things as your boys' wives had! I ain't as well off as Rayburne, and I can't pay for spining and weaving, nor I ain't going to try." He turned to Mr. Warrenton: "So you have sold your wool, I hear?"

"Yes, I have contracted it."

"How much did you have?"

"It has not been weighed; eight hundred fleeces, I think," he replied.

"Over thirty-two hundred pounds?"

"Somewhere in that neighborhood, I reckon."

"Can you let me have a few hundred dollars if I give you good security?" Shaw asked.

"I don't see how I can, Mr. Shaw. I have some extra expenses to meet that will use it all."

"I wish you could. I don't see how I can get along unless you can raise it for me. I will give you a lien on the stock, if you want."

"Really, I do not see how I can accommodate you this time. I always like to oblige if possible."

"I know you have let me have a good deal of money first and last. I don't know where it has gone, though! Do you know how much the mortgage is? I have forgotten."

"Yes; the three mortgages I hold are for the amount of $3,800; then the interest—"

"You hain't got but two mortgages!" exclaimed Shaw. "And I gave you a lien on the stock, to secure you for the interest."

"I think I am right, but the records will show. If I have made a mistake, I shall own up."

"Why don't you say you own the whole farm, and the stock besides?" said Shaw, bitterly.

"Because I do not. I do not want your farm; you know I have never crowded you for the money. If you could, I should have liked you to pay the interest when it came due," he mildly said.

"I never had the money, and I knew that you could get along without it better than I could pay it. Money never sticks to my fingers."

Mrs. Warrenton thought she would like to change the subject of conversation, and inquired—"Have you heard from your sons out in New York lately, Mr. Shaw?"

"Not very, have you? Eben here wants to go out and see them. I tell him they have enough to feed without having him come to live on them."

"We never hear from them of late, Mr. Shaw. We received a letter from one of them over a year ago. I think he said they were both married, and living on good farms."

"I guess they don't write very often to any one. Yes, they are married; and two children apiece. Since I told them I couldn't send any more money, they have not written to any of us," he said.

"I thought, Mr. Shaw, you gave them their portion when they left, some twelve years ago?"

"So I did, but, Warrenton, they kept sending for more, and marm wanted I should let them have it, she is so tender-hearted, you know."

"Have you sent them much?" asked Warrenton."

"About two hundred dollars apiece; then, you know, Jason cost me a sight of money! No use talking about that; I tell you, Warrenton, it has been uphill work all the way! Nothing has gone as I expected. I have had a hard time ever since I was married. I don't blame my wife, but I had five hundred dollars left me by my father, and on my word I have never had as much money in my pocket at any time since. Well, the children came faster than I could earn bread to feed them; so I started up here, made a pitch on a lot, and started new. You know how it has been with us since, and to-day I am just about three thousand dollars worse than nothing. Eben here is twenty-three years old, and he wants money for two years' work, and a thousand dollars besides."

The poor man took his bandanna handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the tears from his eyes.

"I am sorry, Mr. Shaw, I am sure."

"I have had some sickness, and you know, when these young ones died, what a terrible time we had; but really, Warrenton, I believe the Lord took them in mercy, for if they had been like the rest, I should not have had a roof over my head to-day."

"By your own telling, you don't own one now," said his son, in a sneering tone. "As Mr. Warrenton won't let you have any money, we might as well be going."

"That is so. When does your wool go, Warrenton?" asked Mr. Shaw, as he crowded his hat down over his eyes.

"I deliver it at Woodstock next Saturday, if it is pleasant; if not, the first of the week. Any business you want me to do for you over there?" he asked.

"I guess I shall have to go over before then. I have a note in the bank that must be renewed." He hesitated a moment, and then turned to go.

"He wants to ask you to sign with him, but he don't dare to after what he has said," said Eben Shaw, in a contemptuous voice.

Mr. Shaw went out, his hopeful son following, and as he passed the window, he said to his father: "You made a perfect goose of yourself! How did you suppose you could get him to help you after what you told him?"

"Warrenton never refused me before. I couldn't help telling him, Eben, and I am glad I did."

"The money I am going to have some way; if I can't get it by fair means, I will by foul, that's all!"

Mr. and Mrs. Warrenton could not help hearing the conversation.

"I do pity Shaw," said she, "for, as he says, everything has gone against him ever since I have knew him."

"Yes, and it always will! Shaw is not an habitual drunkard, but he drinks enough to ruin him. There are always enough people ready to take advantage of a man in liquor, and he makes such foolish trades, and signs his name to all sorts of papers, without knowing, half the time, what they are. I have no patience with him. He has promised me, time and again, that he would not lend his name to any man if I would only help him once more. But it is of no use! That boy is as great a curse as Jason was. Indeed, I believe he is a scoundrel, and only lacks the chance to be a resident of the State prison," siad Mr. Warrenton, resuming his paper.

His wife laid down her work: "Azariah, you do not believe he would do anything really wicked?"

"I have strong suspicions that he has already done something that will give him a steady home, when it comes to light. I never saw poor Shaw look or fell so desponding. I am sorry!"

The next morning, as soon as it was light, Mr. Shaw came into the yard, and waited till Mr. Warrenton went out to the barn, where he followed him. They had a long talk. When the horn sounded for breakfast, Shaw started for home, with his hat slouched over his eyes, and his head bent down. Age was creeping on him fast.

"Anything new, Azariah?" asked his wife, as he came into the house, looking grave.

"Just as I expected," he said. "John, have you been at the Corners at any time the past six weeks, when Eben Shaw was there?" inquired Mr. Warrenton.

"It would be a harder question to ask me if I had been there when he was not there, for he is there a good deal of his time."

John was attending school at Hartland Corners; he boarded at home, and rode over on horseback.

"Have you ever seen him in company with a couple of men, strangers in town?" Mr. Warrenton asked.

"I should think I had; at least they were strangers to me: One is tall and dark-complexioned, the other red-headed and thick-set. Eben is always around with them."

"Yes, he wants his poor father to pay him a hundred and fifty dollars a year for his work since he was twenty-one, and I honestly do not think he has done a good month's work since he came of age. I am glad he is not my boy!"

"Your boys would not do that sir," John answered.

"Did you see Eb. pay the money for a horse he bought down there a while ago—a large black horse, with a white star in his forehead?"

"I saw the horse one day, and thought there was a trade afoot, and I have seen Eben drive him since, and supposed he had bought him. I have no remembrance of seeing any money paid. I am always in a hurry to get home, and take my horse from the stable as quick as I can. I don't take any interest in horse trades."

"It is all right. I am glad you did not see it. I think I shall drive over to Woodstock to-day. I have a little business to transact; so you can ride to school with me. I shall be back by the time you are through, to take you home."

As John went to harness the horse, his mother asked her husband concerning his business. He replied:

"Really, mother, I can make neither head nor tail of it! Some of Eben's rascality, I expect. Poor Shaw is almost crazed. I can tell better what it is when I know the whole story. I would go over there and see Mrs. Shaw, were I you. Poor woman! She needs comfort. Her husband always blames her for every misfortune that befalls them, and all the deviltries that the boys cut up he says are the result of her bringing up. He has not the least idea that he has had any influence over them by either precept or example. He has sown the wind, and is reaping the whirlwind."

(To be continued.)

Agricultural College.

The wheat harvest of the farm is about complete. The work was done in a satisfactory manner by anew Buckeye twine binder. The wheat is excellent, and the average yield will probably be as great as of any wheat crop ever grown at the college. The straw is somewhat rusted, but the grain does not seem to be affected. The coming commencement exercises will consist of baccalaureate sermon, Sunday, Aug. 13, at 3 p. m.; class-day exercise, Monday, Aug. 14, at 7:30 p. m.; commencement exercise, Tuesday, Aug. 15 ,at 10 a. m.; President's reception to students and guests, Wednesday, Aug. 15, at 8 p.m.; alumni exercises, Wednesday, Aug. 16, at 10:30 a. m., consisting of oration by J. P. Finley, of the United States signal service, history by H. A. Haight, of Detroit, and poem by Frank Hodgeman, of Climax.—Lansing Republican.

The press of the east talks about the President's veto thus: "Righteous veto," Albany Journal. "Brave and honest act," Utica Herald. Good public service," Utica Observer. 'Gives universal satisfaction,' Syracuse Journal. 'Met just expectations of the countty,' Rochester Democrat. 'Timid and half apologetic,' Buffalo Express. 'Statemanlike document,' Springfield Republican. 'Practical and timely,' Boston Herald, 'Courageous and politic,' Boston Transcript. 'Brave as well as righteous,' Hartford Courant (Gen. Hawley.) 'Sound and cogent,' Providence Journal. 'Did his duty,' Philadelphia Times 'Unanswerable,' Philadelphia Ledger. 'Admirable document,' Philadelphia Telegraph. 'The veto is right,' Cleveland Herald. Reacerscan take their choice.

The "Practical" Difference Between Philosophy and Poetry.

It sounds very poetic to say "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," but why not apply the principle to the more practical side of the subject, and render the quotation thus; Swayne's Ointment on account of stopping the itching caused by the Piles has made countless thousands well and happy." There would be sound logic in this but poets are never cheerful, are they?

The Chicago Inter-Ocean: It has been suggested that "immigrants will shun Iowa on account of prohibition." That will depend on the reasons for which men buy farms. If Iowa enforces the law no man doubts but that she can reduce her expenses for jails, penitentiaries, poorhouses and criminal courts one-half. If land is not worth more in a state full of sober people and schoolhouses and churches than where occupied by tipplers, jails and poor houses, then we had better change our civilization. Men of all parties should at least be willing to try the experiment in Iowa. Let us see whether ten years hence there will be farms to give away in the state.

Mr. M. A. Whiteley, Toledo, Ohio, writes: "After trying all advertised medicines for nervous weakness and early decay, I gave up in despair, and resigned myself to the seemingly inevitable—a premature grave. Happening to hear a druggist recommend Brown's Iron Bitters for dizziness, I bought myself a bottle. I am most agreeably surprised to find myself restored to perfect health, strength, and manhood. I feel sure the cure is permanent, yet in future I intend to observe more carefully the laws of health."

The Isabella Republicans met in convention July 28, instructed their delegates to support Hon. R. G. Horr for congress, W. N. Brown for state seanator of that district and Henry Woodruff for representative.

☞No woman really practices economy unless she uses the Diamond Dyes. Many dollars can be saved every year. Ask the druggist.